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THE WISDOM OF THE CELESTIALS.

Said the Sage *Mencius*: When Heaven is about to confer a great duty on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, and subjects him to extreme poverty. It confounds his undertakings. By all these methods Heaven stimulates his mind, hardens his nature, and supplies his short-comings. From these things we see how Life springs from sorrow and calamity, and Death from ease and pleasure.

Said the Master *Confucius*: I do not open up the truth to any who are not eager to gain knowledge, nor help out anyone who is not himself anxious to explain. When I have presented one corner of a subject to anyone, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.

The superior man is modest in his speech, but exceeds in his actions; the superior man acts before he speaks, and afterward speaks according to his actions. The superior man cultivates himself so as to give rest to others. The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others.

Said the Teacher *Lao-Tze*: Man takes his law from the Earth; the Earth takes its law from Heaven; Heaven takes its law from the Soul; the Soul take its law from Being.

It is the way of the Soul not to act from personal motive; to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them; to taste without being allured; to account the great as small, the small as great. The sage deals with duties as if he were doing nothing, and performs his teaching without words. In the same way all things in Nature shoot up in spring without a word, and grow without a claim for their production.

A TALK WITH MY BRAIN.

By G. Hijo.

One day it occurred to me that there were several matters that I needed to discuss with my brain and at the first convenient opportunity when I was alone, I brought them up:

You do not seem to apprehend your proper position. You should understand that you have no independent life apart from me, or at least a temporary one only and that your real interests and mine are identical. You seem to think and act as if you were a personage apart from me, with your own life to lead and a fixed determination to do as you see fit. You insist upon your own ways, and these are often bad ways. You think what you believe to be your own thoughts, but which are really only wavelets from the ocean of thought that fleet into your sphere. You refuse to take the trouble to control yourself in your thinking and to consider only your duty and what I may give you to think about. You are obstinate, you are confirmed in many evil habits and above all you are lazy. It is time that you acquired some appreciation of the seriousness of existence and of your own special responsibilities. My brain listened to all this with more attention and patience then usual. Not once did it wander off on some flight of fancy, or become absorbed by some passing thought form. But its reply was not so satisfactory.

If, it said, I have no life apart from you, if I am but your slave and instrument, why is it necessary for you to appeal to me to do what you want and what I do not like? Why don't you use the powers which you say you possess and compel me to obedience? I make my instrument, the physical body, do pretty much what I want. It has no will of its own. If I leave it for an instant it sleeps or becomes what is called unconscious and is but a lump of useless clay. I have none of the trouble with it, that you, who claim me as your instrument, seem to have with me. Why is it? I do not believe what you say. I believe I am an entity, with an existence independent of yours.

I replied sorrowfully that I very sincerely regretted hearing such a statement from him after all my labors to convince him to the contrary, for every time he took this attitude the breach between us was widened and made more difficult of closing; and once again I had to explain that our interests were really identical in this matter and that was to bring about a closer union, until finally we became one, our mutual consciousness merged as it were into a single, elevated, powerful and efficient whole; this again being but a ray or

offshoot of the great Absolute Consciousness comprising all things. So long as he thought of himself as a thing apart, so long was he setting up a barrier separating him from any higher life. If he persisted in such an attitude, when death withdrew the cohesive force now keeping us together, he would find himself deserted and alone, with nothing ahead of him but a monotonous and perhaps painful existence for a longer or shorter period until such inherent force as was stored up became exhausted. Then, I said, he would go out like a candle that has burned to a finish. On the other hand an identification of his interests with mine, a surrender of his bad habits, of his egoism and selfishness, would mean that upon death, instead of having his own life to lead until exhausted, he would go with me as a part of me to other planes of existence, there to complete and assimilate the experiences of the past life, before beginning yet another life on earth. This was his only chance for immortality. As for my not being able to coerce him in such a matter, while it might be a saving of force and energy and time in one sense if I could, yet in another it would be defeating the very object of evolution itself. It was necessary for me to acquire experience on all planes of existence. Before I could leave any plane behind it was necessary that I should have conquered that plane and all that pertains to it. That I should be its master, and the master of all in it. He had spoken of his control of the body. It was true. The purely physical body was in many ways his slave, although it was far from being absolutely mastered, as it still had some appetites and desires not yet fully controlled. But it was not he who had made this conquest, it was I, through him. And now I had also to control him, to have him subject to my will, to do with him what I liked, to silence him entirely when necessary, before I could pass on to other planes. I must be master of his plane, the mental plane, and the trouble lay in his not realizing that it was also to his best interests to help along this conquest that was a necessary part of his and my evolution. Again I explained that he was but an instrument given me to enable me to express myself on the mental plane, that his life and power and force were but what he derived from me, and that I was responsible for the use he made of these and was benefited or injured by the addition he made to the stock of our common experience during this life. I knew that the very idea of his being controlled was repugnant to him, that it seemed like the complete surrender of his individuality forever, but I had already explained that this was not really so and that as a matter of fact his only hope of immortality was through

just this process, and I reminded him of the mysterious saying of St. Paul's, "He who would find his life must lose it."

The strain of continuous attention here became too great to be borne and my brain relaxed his effort and floated off in a maze of inconsequent and useless thoughts. There was nothing for me to do but to wait patiently until he again recovered control of himself, and in the meantime I watched the panorama. He began as follows:

That was a queer saying of St. Paul's. But wasn't it Jesus who said that? I don't remember, never could remember quotations from the Bible. I wish I could have an experience like St. Paul's and have a voice out of the sky tell me what to do. It would be so much easier. I wonder if I should be alarmed? I don't believe I would. What was that? Oh! only a creak of the furniture. How it made my heart jump. I suppose it shows that my nerves are not fit for any real experience. I wonder if B—— hears internally? I notice he seems to be looking at nothing sometimes, with his attention fixed upon something inside. It must be great to hear internally. But then I suppose I should hear lots of things I didn't want to. I should hate to be told to give up smoking; I don't believe I would though, as smoking is said to keep away the elementals, and all occultists seem to smoke. I wonder if they are told to. I wish I had some more of that Virginia tobacco, it was the best I ever smoked. I did enjoy it last night after dinner. The dinner was pretty good, too, only the cook always spoils the mutton. That current jelly was out of our own garden. I wish Thomas would grow more vegetables, they are so much better fresh than from the stores. That reminds me that I must buy some collars. I wish I had lots of money and then I would send someone to get me all the different kinds and I would not have to take any trouble. It must be lovely to be so rich that you do not have to think of these things. They are so degrading and they take up time that you might be devoting to higher things. That reminds me that I was getting a lecture from inside. I wonder where we were? Oh! yes, he had just said something about a quotation from St. Paul, or Jesus, I don't remember which, oh! yes—. At this point the wandering attention of my brain was controlled and I resumed.

You have just given as fair an example of the way you spend most of your leisure time as one could wish. You can never expect to succeed in occultism or even in any worldly pursuit until you have better control of yourself and have acquired some powers of concentration and attention. You would like to hear internally. How

can you expect to do so when you cannot keep your attention on your own thoughts for two minutes at a time; let alone to listen with the absorption and attention necessary to hear the still small voice of the silence? You may be sure the inner powers will not waste their time with you so long as you are liable to wander off in a perfectly aimless way in the middle of their discourse. Of course I was assuming that you were sufficiently purified to reflect the things of the spirit at all. I do not believe you are, so long as your untrammeled thoughts turn naturally to yourself and your own aggrandizement, to being rich and prosperous, fortunate and well-to-do. It shows that you are not in that condition of spiritual unselfishness that will alone enable you to communicate with higher planes.

But to return to the subject we were discussing before your attention wandered. I will tell you something you ought to know. After a period of rest between two lives I am projected automatically as it were into physical existence. I am incarnated in the environment to which I am entitled on account of my previous efforts; and you, my brain, are a part of my environment. You are one of the conditions that circumscribe and limit me, and it is my duty to endeavor to control and purify you. Only so can I wholly express myself on the physical plane. You in this life, are what you are, entirely owing to the use or misuse I made of my brains in previous lives, and my brain in my next life will reflect the result of this. If, therefore, I maintain a continual effort to reform and soften you; if I mold you to my higher will; if I do my whole duty with you, you enter into my being as an integral part of it, and when next born anew my new brain will have that much less power to limit me, and will of itself be a better and purer instrument.

Remember that I who am speaking to you now am not some external spiritual force or entity, but a part of yourself to which you must try permanently to join yourself. My consciousness now is the sum total of the imperishable results of all my previous lives. Of course there is more in me than can express itself to you, or through you, but only so much as can express itself through you can be conscious on this plane. What I am on other planes you will never know until you become pure enough to reflect those planes, and this can only come about through long continued and constantly sustained effort. Some day I may explain to you the internal processes and changes that take place as a result of these efforts, but even this most elementary fact in occultism you could not yet fully understand. It is enough for me to say now that it has to do with the formation of

the inner body, the body of the mind. At present, however, I want you to understand the real relationship that exists between us, who are yet but two parts of the same. I am so absolutely responsible for you in such a full sense of those words that you can apprehend the idea but in part. You do not think an idle thought, nor receive an impression, nor create an impulse to action or to inaction, nor feel a desire, or the lack of a desire, that I am not fully responsible for. Sooner or later I must pay for your mistakes, for your laziness, for your carelessness and for your sins. You will readily see, therefore, that your actions are of paramount importance to me, and never for one instant will I relax my efforts to guide and control you. You may die before this is completed. In fact you surely will before it is perfectly done, and then I must begin the fight again with another brain, where we left off, until finally the battle is on. And great will be the reward of the personality in which this process is measurably completed, for it will become as one with God and will be a divine man among men. You see, therefore, what is the situation. Sooner or later you or some other brain that I shall obtain hereafter must undergo this process of purification and self-abnegation. Nor must you think that of you only is required this sacrifice, I also in a higher sense must some day kill out all idea of being separate from the rest of the universe and must merge my consciousness in the universal consciousness. But before I can do this I must have completed my evolution up to the plane where this is required, and until I am master of all planes below, until I am clothed with all the powers of nature, I may not knock at the door of the larger life. Do you wonder then that I am incessant in my demands and that my patience is of the Gods; that failure discourages me not nor does success exhilarate? I have eternity before me for the task and were it not for the urgings of suffering and the desire to be able to help others, I might let the slow but sure processes of evolution take their course and not attempt to force the fighting. But the sorrow and pain and evil in the world appeal to me. I have suffered too, and I know what it is. I desire, therefore, with an intensity of desire of which your puny will is incapable, to do something to help raise the burdens of the world. There is no other way than this. Purify and elevate your own instrument and then assist the eternal powers of good to purify and elevate all others. There is your destiny, if you have the courage to grasp and the endurance to hold on to it. Choose, therefore! Will you seize your divine heritage as is your inalienable right, or will you drift aimlessly down the stream of life, of no use to yourself

or to anyone else in the universe, to perish miserable at the end of your alloted years?

The continued attention and sympathetic attitude of my brain had permitted to descend from higher planes a little gleam of spiritual fire and I spoke with an earnestness and force that were not without influence.

There does not seem to be much choice, answered my brain.

There is but one choice possible in the end, I replied, but many prefer to postpone the choosing. All must some day begin the climbing of the ladder of life and the sooner it is begun the sooner the weary journey is ended. But be not deceived. It is not a path of roses, but a dreary march, and for a long time there will be no end in sight. But the summit is there and can be reached, and then peace! We were silent for a time, each busy with his own thoughts, and then my brain asked what it should do.

Obey me, I said. I am what some men call your conscience; what others call your soul, and what the mystics of all ages have called by various names, divine fire, inner light, inner guide, intuition. I will tell you to do many difficult things, the chief of which will be you duty, but I will not lead you astray for I am the one infallible guide. The more you obey me the better can I help you. The better you serve me the more can I assist you. Remember always that in the words of one of the great ones, the light is much more anxious to reach you than you are anxious to reach the light. I will never desert you and will always stand ready with all the advice and encouragement that can be given you. I will be as tender and as loving as a mother with her first born, and as inflexible as justice. You will suffer the torments of Hell and you will have the reward of the blessed. You must care neither for wealth nor poverty, pleasure nor pain, happiness nor sorrow, praise nor blame, sickness nor health, and I will teach you to read the hearts of men and will lay open before you the innermost secrets of nature. You may go down unknown to your grave, but you will wake to eternal life. Your whole nature will be racked with suffering, but you will be beloved of your fellow men. Your life will be one of anguished striving, but the end is illimitable peace. Choose you therefore, for the moment will pass and the opportunity be lost.

And my brain answered gravely, Do with me what you will.

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

SONGS OF THE MASTER. III.

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder what it all means,—why there should be such strain and stress in this our human life? To ask whence comes this eternal warfare, this deathly struggle forced upon Arjuna by Krishna, and to which we are all so incessantly urged? The full answer is the secret of the gods, and the only way to learn their well-kept secrets is to become one of them. But a mere mortal may guess at least this much.

It seems to be the inevitable result of the great crossing over, the tremendous transition from the animal to the divine; and we shall get our first clue to the mystery by looking somewhat closely to the real conditions of animal life. The life of the animal, the life in instinct, has this great characteristic, that it takes cognizance only of single and concrete objects. But even that expression is abstract, and therefore untrue to animal life. Let us say, then, that such an animal as the squirrel sees and thinks of only the one acorn or nut that lies directly before him; his whole success in life depends on his direct intentness upon this, his going straight forward towards it, his single eye to securing it. The slightest wandering, and he is lost, for in the unceasing struggle of one against all, and of all against each, his quarry would instantly fall to another, while he meditated upon its abstract being.

The animal, therefore, must concentrate upon each fruit or root, each single item of his prey, or he loses touch with the actual, and that means for him the change called death. But change is pain, and pain is change; therefore he has the alternative of single-hearted hunting, or starvation and extinction. But why this necessity of death? Again the answer is, because it is the inevitable result of a change. For within the individual, there is not fluidity and room enough for the full changes of a race's development. The type must become now great, now small; now tropical, now arctic; now terrestrial, now arboreal. There have been horses as small as rabbits, elephants no bigger than swine, or again lizard-like creatures almost as large as whales. This range of variation is impossible within a single body; progression of type is likewise impossible; therefore we must have death, and death is change, and change is pain. Here is the root of all our tragedy.

If devotion to the single fruit, the single body, be the type and tragedy of animal life, the life of the divinity is the very opposite:

a fusion of all individuals in a single Being, in one idea, as Plato called it, which embraces within itself the possibility of all individuals of each family or tribe; and behind all ideas lies the one great archetype, the Eternal. That great flaming single Life whence all has come forth, is likewise the goal whither all must again return. And here we have the second clue to our mystery: the tragedy of life lies in the necessity of crossing over the ocean between the single fact and the undivided Eternal; or, to speak once more in the concrete, in the passage from the sensual egotist to the divine Soul.

For this tremendous transition, there must be some bridge or neutral ground; the immediate passage from the one to the All seems and is impossible, inconceivable. This transition is that sea of psychic human life which is at once our glory and our shame, our opportunity and our peril, our sorrow and our joy. As there is change at every step, there is pain at every step; and where consciousness becomes larger and keener, the pain is exquisite misery. But every step of change brings the soul nearer to the changeless infinite One, therefore that growing nearness of each step makes each step a growing joy, till at last the heart expands in ecstasy into the Heart of all Being.

Therefore from the infinitely varied and infinitely numerous facts and lives of the outward world we are to pass over to the one great stable Life; and for this we must ford the river of birth and death, take on the likeness of humanity, and cross the psychic sea. Let us consider what the man is, that the animal is not; remembering always that the line between is a wavering one, for there is a kind of men that are close to the animals, a kind of animal that comes close to men, as an Arabian Occult School quaintly puts it. This is the great difference: man looks with forward and reverted eye; man remembers and expects.

But for memory and expectation there must be an addition to the animal's powers; the pure animal consciousness cannot get away from the single fruit, the single fact. Each fruit gathered is for it all in all. Nothing else enters its consciousness. In like manner, with the animals sex is the incident of a season, a few weeks in the year, and then utterly forgotten and put out of mind. The animals sleep when they sleep; when they wake they are awake. Man is both or neither, always complex, always unsteady, always wavering.

What makes the difference? It is this: man can seen into the mirror-world; his mind is a mirror, holding the image of the fruit already eaten, and keeping it to compare with all other fruits. Hence

in his mind from comparison arises dissatisfaction with the next found smaller fruit, exultation over one larger and finer, expectation of one better still, and fear of finding none at all. From that one glimpse in the magic mirror are born all the emotions of our human life.

Take this same sense as it has developed and grown, in its last and greatest degeneration. Man has become a glutton, swollen, unwieldly, needing to cover himself with clothes, lest the wholesome and moral animals should laugh at his misshapen limbs. That is where his imagination has led him, and his brooding over the image of his food. He is a degenerate, a monstrous departure from the law, a storehouse of ills that haunt and torture him, and from which the happy animals are nearly free; the deer of the forest have no spectacled physicians. When they fall into a brief sickness, either it is gone by the morrow, or kindly death sets them free. And man has one more curse: the haunting fear of starvation that lashes and scourges nearly all our race; and starvation is admitted by all economists to be the hinge of the wealth of nations. Happy man, whose destiny turns about so delightful a fact.

The animal lives to-day, and fears no evil; his eye is clear and free from all disturbance and misgiving. He is dead tomorrow, and there is an end, and at no time is there any great break in his primeval peace. But man shudders and cowers. He sees the dead, and broods over death. He has caught another glimpse of the mirror-world, and seen his dead self therein. And from that time on, the image will haunt him, until he arises from the pyre immortal, in a vesture colored like the sun.

Yet one more miserable privilege, and we have the whole account of man. Sex with him has ceased to be the incident of a season; it has grown to be a haunting presence through all his life. He is never quite free from it, not even in silence and solitude of his rest; for the most part, he is a driven slave, the whip-lash of insatiate longing over him always; ever goaded by the misery of desire.

From brooding on his hunger and his search for food; from holding ever in imagination the picture of his desires, man at last works out for himself a central image among all the images of his mirror, an image of his own body, which he calls his personal self. With the birth of that shadow-man, his human history begins. For this, wars are fought, constitutions built, kingdoms conquered, battles won. This lean ghost who has never stood in the bright eye of day, is king of all the human world; all our history is his; all that lies between the animal and the god.

All growth means change of this image; all change means pain. Therefore human life is one long tragedy. Whatever bright days break the storms, either come in from clean and wholesome animal life below, or are the gifts of the gods, prematurely vouchsafed from above. This is the history of the personal self, and his daily bread is egotism and vanity: egotism, or that brooding over his own being, which comes of his perpetual glimpses in the mirror, and vanity, which comes of perpetual chasing after mirrored images. When his image unites itself with one of the great primal instincts of the animal, with the desire of food or sex, and when fear overshadows both, then his misery is supreme: jealousy and the fear of destitution have marked him for their prey.

God created man, they say, and the devil made looking-glasses. Having gone thus far, both withdrew, and the result we see. It It is true in a sense, for the astral light, or the psychic mirror-world, is the basis and field of all diabolism whatsoever. The evident results we see on all hands, in our whole emotional life, in desire and fear, in memory and expectation, in love and hate, in hunger and satiety, in desire of life and dread of death.

But what is the reason of it all? Why such lavish ingenuity for our torment? Can we find some natural and sufficient cause for it all? If we go back to our point of departure, we shall soon perceive one. For this very complex of images, this power to image and hold the many facts in the one imaginary pictures, is the missing link we sought, between the sensual fact in its infinite diversity and the divine idea in its inviolable oneness.

All human life means, therefore, the approach, and ultimately the coming together of these two things: the psychic image of the sensual fact, and the spiritual image of the divine idea, the principle or power which stands single behind every tribe or family or genus of the natural world. And the tragedy of our human life consists in the continual striving of the lower or astral image towards the higher or spiritual principle. The crown of life is their coalescence, when the partition wall is broken down, and the twain are made one.

For this grand and tortured epic of man, there is a fitting moral and conclusion. Each sensual fact of animal life finds its transformation, its transfiguration, its apotheosis. Let us begin where we began before, with animal hunger. The animal, pressed forward by that instinct which is its one divine revelation, seeks berry after bery, fruit after fruit, victim after victim; each for the time is its all-in-all. But not so man. He is haunted and overshadowed by the

idea. He carries with him the image of each fruit, forbidden or permitted, and compares it with all others, gradually enlarging his image and adding to its complexity until it becomes wholly impossible for any sensuous fact to satisfy him, and he has inherited divine discontent, ever seeking, finding never. But though mortal man seeks hopeless, man the immortal is destined to find. The image coalesces with the idea, and he inherits the bread of life, the food of the gods, the all-satisfying Being of the Eternal.

Take again the animal's instinct for warmth and shelter. To very wonderful instinctive acts it leads, like the building of ants and bees, the dams of beavers, the nests of birds, the burrows of foxes and rabbits. But man broods on these things, heaping image on image, remembering the essence of all sunny shelters he has seen or dreamed of, goaded onward by the image of every cold and icy storm, and so seeking some hiding-place from the wind, some shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And that haunting perfection makes him miserably dissatisfied with every human home; the image is drawing near the ideal, and as his immortality descends upon him, the twain become one, and he enters his everlasting home, the house of the Most High, the perfect eternal.

One thing more, the most insistent of all. Sex, for the animal, was an unremembered break in the food-finding of the year. For man it becomes a haunting image, its animal part entirely subordinated and needed only to give new life to the image. First there is only the image of his sensation; then the image of the complementary being who shall fulfil it; and lastly a haunting sense of another self, another life, which through desire or fear, through jealousy or longing, never leaves him but dwells with him ever, and thus by the strangest possible way he has found the doorway to his other selves. Nothing less tyrannical than desire would have awakened him from his self-absorbed egotism; nothing less miserable than longing would have driven him beyond the sensual fact to the image; nothing less haunting than the image would have led him up to the ideal, the possibility of a shared consciousness, a common life. Thus once more, the boundary-wall is broken down, and the twain are become one.

The last great victory is over the shadow-man whom we call our personal selves. He is not a solitary shadow, but a shadow shadow-haunted. He longs for admiration, he fears ridicule, he seeks power, he looks for love. And every emotion helps to build up some shadow of his other selves, till at last his whole world is peopled with shadows, and then the divine, descending from above, touches all with the miraculous wand, and the shadows come alive. He is in the realised presence of his other selves; he has beheld divine humanity; he is on the threshold of oneness with the Self of All Beings, the Everlasting.

"OCCULT POWERS."

By Franz Hartmann, M. D.

"Occult Powers!" What ominous words! "Do not desire occult powers!" sounds the warning voice, and the timid investigator shrinks back in fear and swears that he will have nothing more to do with Theosophy, lest he might come in contact with the Powers of Darkness. On the other hand we hear of certain mystics who are said to have made tremendous progress in their development. They are said to be able to rise above the plane of *Manas* and enjoy themselves in the plane of *Buddhi*. They float about in the plane of *Devachan* and behold from there the sights of *Kama-loka*; they are able to read in the Astral Light the events of the history of a long forgotten past, describe accurately events in which they themselves have played a part in their past incarnations and foretell the future; and the "seeker for truth" immediately joins a Society in which such powers may be conferred upon him in some mysterious way, and such tricks be learned, and he withdraws again after having been disappointed.

It is a fact, however, observable everywhere, that we are surrounded on all sides by the most miraculous things, but they excite no surprise, because we are accustomed to see them. The growth of a tree is a wonderful thing, and the power of Life, that causes it, is entirely occult and unknown to science; but nobody wonders about it. In the same way it is with our internal powers, which we use every day without knowing them intellectually, and which are therefore occult. We use them without questioning their nature and use them without boasting about it, we are perhaps not even aware that they are anything extraordinary and not in everybody's possession. Everyone whose mind is filled with holy aspirations may raise his soul to heaven and even to God, where all thought ceases and the light of divine wisdom shines. Every intuitive student of history unconsciously exercises the powers of retracing his steps in time, and beholding some of the history of the past; many a writer of historical novels, without being personally aware of it, describes events in which the personality which he occupied in a previous incarnation has played a part; every intuitive statesman is clairvoyant enough to a certain extent to foresee future events. Without this occult power of intuition man would be only an animal; perhaps learned and able to calculate and compare; but an animal still. All these occult powers are in everybody's possession, only they are not developed in everybody alike; they cannot be learned as one may learn to per-

form a sleight-of-hand trick, but they can be developed and everyone has the power to develop them by practice within himself; just as everyone has within himself the power to walk or swim, which will be of no service to him, if he does not exercise it.

All of these powers are hidden, or "occult," because they belong to the "interior man", that is to say, to the spiritual individuality of man, hidden behind his mortal personality; because only that which is eternal in man can grasp infinity; only that which is divine in him can penetrate to the godhead; only that which in him is beyond time can search the past and the future; only that in him which has lived before can remember its past incarnations. The low cannot control the high, the lower nature cannot make the higher nature grow; the external man has no power over the internal god and his godlike powers, it can only prevent the action of these powers, but not create them, and the true way to develop them is therefore to let these higher powers become manifest in the personality and to do away with all that prevents their manifestation in us. In this way the personality becomes penetrated by the powers of the inner man and itself partakes of these powers, in proportion as it becomes purified of its lower tendencies and indentified with the true Self.

All these powers act from an interior centre towards the periphery; they radiate from the interior outwardly and seek for expression; the personality will only be penetrated by the divine power within, by giving expression to that power and creating its demand. Obedience to its dictates opens the channels through which those powers flow; disobedience obstructs these currents. Thus for instance, a love which never finds its expression in acts, will be like a hidden fire, producing no light and for want of air consuming itself. Love cannot remain isolated, without turning upon itself and becoming self-love and selfishness, which is love perverted. If it is to grow, it must have room for expansion, and freely flow through its channels, which are opened by deeds of kindness and love. It is the nature of love to seek for expression in acts and to communicate itself; only in this way it becomes manifest. It is not a sentimental play of the heart, that affords us amusement; but a power whose exercise requires great will and energy, self-control and self-sacrifice; because real love is a spiritual power which comes from the centre and goes to the centre; it makes no distinction between friends and enemies, it goes to that which is spiritual in every man and above likes and dislikes; it is a holy art, which teaches how to distinguish in everybody between the kernel and the shell and to

separate the spirit from the form, the essence from its accidental surroundings, the enduring from the changeable, the immortal from that which passes away. That love is cheap and hypocritical which produces only fine talk and unctuous sermons; while it refuses to act when it can; not in mere words, but in actions does real love become manifest, and this is the reason why this power remains for many forever occult, because their own selfishness prevents its manifestation, and even if they feel its presence in their hearts, they cannot really know it, nor realize it, nor derive any satisfaction from it, if it does not become manifest to them in their acts. But if we exercise it in our acts, first towards those who are nearest to us, afterwards to who are more distant, the sphere of its influence will grow from day to day, until it embraces the whole of humanity, the whole of creation and finally even God in his infinity; while from that infinite love arises divine wisdom and with this the knowledge of all the divine powers of God.

Verily love is an occult power, known only to few and no one need be afraid to attain it. It is the power that conquers the world. Real love is strong enough not to be afraid to encounter hate, knowing that even hate is love in disguise. Hate opposes love for the purpose of proving love's strength; love stands in opposition to hate for the purpose of giving instruction; everything is an outcome of divine wisdom, everything has its uses if rightly applied; everything can teach a lesson and in doing so it is performing an act of love. A love which cannot exist unless it is returned by its object, is not free and independent, it is the creation of that object and thus an external illusion. Free love is perfect in itself and asks for no favors, it is like a queen, giving away kingdoms and having nothing to desire but that her gifts be accepted. He who loves, lives in the light and is happy; he who hates wanders in darkness and renders himself miserable, and who could have more need of our love and sympathy and help than those who are miserable and unfortunate? "Let my enemy hate me, I shall love him; let him persecute me, I shall bless him; let him ruin me, if he succeeds it was the will of God, the effect of my Karma, which had to be fulfilled, and thus it will be for the best." This is an occult law, but difficult to carry out.

All divine powers proceed from their divine source and return to it; but they will be of no use to us, if we do not make any use of them. Only that which is taken up by our own natures becomes a part of ourselves. This is accomplished by bringing our nature into harmony with these higher powers; which is like raising lower

vibrations to a higher scale, attuning the mind to the harmonics of the universe, letting the consciousness expand beyond the narrow limits drawn by selfish desires. What renders the soul heavy as lead and prevents the spirit from rising is the delusion of self with its companions, mental inertia, self-conceit, indolence, sensuality, pride, self-righteousness, contrariness, whim, hypocrisy, envy, ambition, avarice, calumny, lie, gossip, wrathfulness, melancholy, greed, cruelty, malevolence. The only power which destroys these shadows is the light of love, and if anyone claims to be in possession of great occult powers and at the same time acts contrary to the law of love, we may have a right to suspect that his powers exist more in his imagination than in reality.

Each human being is fundamentally an expression of divine love and ought to serve in his turn as an instrument for its expression. Love is the omnipotent spirit, which makes of us living works of divine art and at the same time artists, capable of reproducing the divine image within ourselves and letting it become manifest to the world. Let not a ray of this divine power be lost, but begin to work and work incessantly; the beginning of all things is action.

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

This is a Veteran's Number of the Theosophical Forum. The Talk With My Brain has given the Editor more solid satisfaction and pleasure than anything he has published in these columns for a long time. It has the rare quality of literary feeling which the editorial heart pants for, as pants the hart for cooling streams when heated in the chase. We have a sub-conscious impression that this last sentence is a quotation; do any of our readers remember writing anything like it?

***

The Talk With My Brain bears a signature familiar to all old readers of the *Path*; if we mistake not, its writer has at least fifteen years of hard work in this Lugubrious Movement to his credit, and means—but that is Bad Joss, as the Celestials say. The next Contribution is the Oriental Department. We are particularly proud of this particular number, and strongly advise our readers to get quite clear in their own minds as to each of the points gone over; for they will find in them the clue to a great many things.

***

Briefly, this Chapter of the Songs of the Master supplies, if only in outline, the long missing link between Darwinism and the

Secret Doctrine; between Natural and Occult History. It shows in some degree the true relation between the natural world of day, the psychic world of night, and the causal world of that dark brightness which is both night and day. It author has also fifteen years to his credit in the Movement already spoken of, and has inflicted three continents during that time.

***

Then comes Dr. Franz Hartmann. We all know Dr. Hartmann, and we all love him. Therefore we are the more delighted to have him discourse to us on True Love, a subject of which he is a Past Master. We have already suggested a former incarnation of his, as a certain saint, renowned in Padua, who is famed for experiments in this very field. The catalogue of wickedness towards the end of the article suggests another past birth, in which, as a fiery writer of epistles, he drew up lists of the Fruits of the Flesh. We should like to know whether Dr. Hartmann has any clear views, any reminiscences, as it were, bearing on the date of the Epistles to the Thessalonians?

***

Dr. Hartmann's record as a Theosophist goes back longer than any of us, except our esteemed President, Dr. Buck. Yet we have contributions on the first page, from eminent Theosophists who antedate even Dr. Buck and Dr. Hartmann. Doubtless these Celestial worthies are once more embodied amongst men, perhaps even in our own select and only authentic body. Once again, do any of our readers, our Treasurer for instance, have a sort of feeling that any one of the three quotations on our front page has a strange familiar ring, like a half-forgotten dream? If so, please communicate with us. We have written a book which will help you.

***

Talking of Former Births reminds us that we have heard whispers of a coming Convention. But I think we deserve a better fate. What we really need, is not a Convention but a Dispersion, something that will give us each a vigorous outward impulse, and set us going again. We are cramped from sitting still so long. And we are the victims of a not unnatural shyness and reticence, born of a feeling that in by-gone years we used a great many long words without quite knowing what they mean, and appealed to Authority in many things where we should really have appealed to Common Sense.

In the line of our Dispersion comes a suggestion from the Very Far West. Dr. J. S. Clark, a student of long standing and proved devotion, volunteers to correspond with new members and inquirers, and is preparing to learn type-writing, to that end. We strongly endorse this offer, and hope many inquirers will take advantage of it, addressing Dr. Clark at Box 523, Seattle, Washington. There is a gruesome story in Isis Unveiled, of a wizard who could not die happy until he had passed on his Secret. Well, much the same is true of us. A word to the Wise is Enough.

***

And now a word about our Contemporaries. We had hoped to find space for a Note on James Pryse's study of Reincarnation in the New Testament, but are compelled to hold it over for a future issue. From the same Publishers, we hear reports of new editions of The Voice of the Silence, and The Ocean of Theosophy, but no Review copies have yet found their way to the Editorial Table.

***

We hear with regret that the English Theosophist looks forward to a period of in-drawing, but trust this is only the prelude to a joyful resurrection. We regret this the more, as the last number has so good an article as The Image-Makers. We doubt, however, the expediency of illustrating the Seven Deadly Sins from the lives of easily recognizable living persons.

***

The Lamp is not so smoky as it was, but would still bear considerable trimming. Jasper Niemand has placed its readers under a lasting obligation; we only hope the lesson will bear some fruit. We greatly regret the tone of an interview in the same number, and we fear that the Lamp has entered the New Cycle with a heavy burden of Prarabdha Karma, from which we anticipate clouds and storms will too soon descend.

***

Our two German colleagues, Lotus-Bluethen and the Theosophischer Wegweiser, continue to give us joy. Dr. Hartmann continues his Memoirs, but is most himself in the Letter-Box. A Scientific Gentleman, whom we suspect to be a re-incarnation of the hero of The Gnomes of the Untersberg, asks sneeringly about God and the Devil. Dr. Hartmann replies: if you wish to see God, look at some wise man, say the Editor of the magazine under review: if you wish to see the devil, look in the looking-glass. And yet they say this is the Iron Age!

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Secret Doctrine, (Vols. I, II and Index), *H. P. Blavatsky*,	$12.50
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Studies in Occultism, *H. P. Blavatsky*, (6 Vols. at 35 cents)	1.50
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Short Glossary of Theosophical Terms	.05
The Necessity for Reincarnation, a tract, 2c. each or 100 for	1.50

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2d. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences.

3d. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

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